

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Abundance of Rest Necessary

The physicians who make rules for right living in hot weather lay special emphasis on the necessity for an abundance of rest. Do not forget this fact when September draws near. Sit out in the evening dampness on lawn or veranda an hour less than you did in June and July, and get to bed early. One of the mitigating features of September is that the nights are usually cool enough to allow one to sleep. Make the most of these hours for rest, and you will find yourself fortified for the strain and stress of the day that is to follow the night. Stay your fainting heart upon the knowledge that after summer's heat comes the coolness of autumn, and that after the debility of September will come the exhilaration of October.

In closing this talk on midsummer and its evils, I would like to add two words of advice. They are Keep Cool! If this has been your motto through the last months adhere to it now. Do not allow yourself to fuss about your work or about the heat. All of us are by now pretty tired of hot weather, but talking about our weariness and protesting against it only add to the general discomfort.

Stay yourself regularly and systematically about your usual tasks, resisting the impulse to rush at them. Take one duty at a time, fix your mind on it, and when it is done, take up another. One task at a time, and one day at a time, are all that can be expected of you. Set yourself to accomplish the one and to go through the other, and the trying term will slip swiftly and safely away.—Marion Harland.

The Torment of Nerves.

To escape the torment of "nerves" is mainly a matter of self-help, and no woman need waste large expenditures of money in pursuing fashionable treatments if she will use common sense and determination in dealing with her condition.

It is admitted by physicians that the most important factor in the direct causation of nervous exhaustion is the emotional life of the individual. Worry is the most persistent and nagging of all emotions, and where it is allowed to become the dominant note a breakdown is inevitable.

The worry evil is the worst the modern woman has to contend with. It dogs her footsteps like a hungry wolf. It preys upon her even in her pleasures. It haunts her in her dreams. She worries over her house, her servants, her children. She is anxious and harassed about her clothes, which are depressed by her social obligations. She seems unable to throw aside, even in her lighter moments, worry's persistent note, and as a consequence she often becomes a nervous wreck.

Every woman who has fallen prey to this point should suddenly take an earnest resolve and refuse to worry. The nervous woman says: "Oh, that's all well, but how can one keep from worrying?"

By self-discipline, the exercise of a strong will, and the cultivation of a true sense of values, is the answer. These, combined with sane living and proper hygiene, soon will restore her to normal state.

Tend Toward Simplicity.

Well-dressed women of small stature tend, more and more, toward simplicity of dress, avoiding the fascinating small details and novelties that may be attempted by women taller and more correctly proportioned. For the short woman is generally not short of body, but of limb, and some taller women have the same peculiarity, and must likewise overcome it in their dress. So the raised waist line helps a great deal to give an impression of length of limb, and when the belt is of the gown's color the height of the figure shows to fullest advantage. No woman has any idea of the enormous difference this makes until she has tested it. It is of much more value toward a "chic" appearance than the latest wrinkles of fashion. For the same reason of proportion a short woman cannot wear too large a hat, for invariably possessing also a short neck, from the back view she seems to have none at all, and her head appears so large that it dwarfs her body.

However, the underdressed woman when intelligently dressed is as dainty and as charming as a piece of Dresden china, and much more advantage is gained by following just such hints as these than by the old-fashioned method of wearing dangerously high heels and overlapping hems, which add on a few inches, but make a caricature of the general appearance.

The Newest Touch.

To give the newest touch to the little late-summer gown that is being made up for the safe side, and designed for it one of the novel and attractive "chemise" collars, made, as you will, from either embroidery or lace, or better still, of finest grass linen, with either embroidered scallop edge or a border of delicate lace, applied with the least tinge of "feline" is in reality a combination of collar and "cravats." The surprise effect of the waist crosses from the right shoulder and fastens at the left line, you understand.

Very well, then, the fairly deep round collar starts under the surprise section, as if coming from the right shoulder seam, goes around the neck without hint of front opening, and follows the inner edge of the surprise section, down the front, terminating in a point at the aforesaid belt line.

The effect, while unusual, is decidedly in good taste, and one's ingenuity may suggest many variants of it. Such a collar, with cuffs to match, in the crocheted or muslin or grass linen, would be the entire trimmings necessary for a little afternoon frock of linen or soft silk fabric.

Netted Silken Hosiery.

Netted silken hosiery that has the effect of fish scales when drawn on the foot is the newest departure. The woman who would be holed in the smartest way for the afternoon must provide herself with several pairs of these large meshed netted stockings—black or white—which are woven without seams. If she intends to wear the black ones, as more appropriate to her costume, she must first don a pair of very thin white silk stockings, and draw over them the black netted ones to get the perfect result. She then adds pumps or buckled slippers of black patent leather, or satin, or the napkin combination of white buckskin, with the vamp and heel and facing of the black patent leather. If, however, she prefers to wear the white netted ones, the arrangement is exactly reversed, for she draws on first a pair of very thin black silk stockings. This will throw the netted white ones into high relief and give the effect of scales, for the mesh is diamond-shaped and makes the lovely overlapping appearance.



DANCING AND EVENING GOWNS.

Art a la Mode.

More Oxygen a Need

The girls of to-day look so old—that is, girls who have to work for their living. And it is simply because they will not look after themselves. Sitting in stuffy classrooms and offices, where, without machinery, on their knees scrubbing floors, they seem to have no energy left to do anything toward keeping fit when at length they are "done for the day." But there is such a marvellous simple little exercise, which takes only three to four minutes, every night and morning, which will make all the difference in the world to the tired girl worker. She has only to stand at her open bedroom window, hands on hips, and draw in deep, long breaths slowly, and as slowly let them out again.

And the wonderful change it makes! Dull eyes become bright, sallow cheeks take on a rich carmine, round shoulders disappear, as do ugly hunches. And the effect on the mind is just as marvellous. The little breathing exercise breeds a cherry optimism in place of a dreary pessimism. And all because the sluggish blood of the sedentary girl worker is getting what it so badly needs—more OXYGEN.

A Prophecy of Sixty Years Ago.—The possible fall of the house of Hohenzollern and the German empire during the year 1912. And all these discussions end with the exclamation: "I wonder whether she will be right a third time!"

The feminine personage they refer to is a fortune teller or seeress, long since dead, and the story they tell is about a prophecy she once made, now more than sixty years ago. And the reason of its significance, even to the practical German mind, is that it was made to Der Grosse Wilhelm, grandfather of the present Kaiser, at the same time that two others were made, both of which have since proved true to the letter.

One of these prophecies was the date of the founding of the empire in 1871, a thing not dreamed of at the time. The other the date of the first William's death in 1888.

As the story goes, in 1849, immediately after the black days of revolution in Germany, William I., then Crown Prince of Prussia, was persuaded to consult a fortune teller in Baden, who had made some extraordinary prophecies by means of various bits of wood bearing figures.

Elegance of Purple Shades.

The subdued elegance of the purple shades most used seems likely to protect them from overpopularization and cheapening, after the manner of more startling advance season color guesses, but there is literally no telling what the new season will finally endorse, or rather which of the new season's colors the ultra-fastidious among fashionable women will finally endorse. View, rouge in all its soft tones from dark to light is promised great success.

Several purple models figure among today's pictures, and all are interesting, all distinctly new in the movement.

One of the most picturequely yet conservatively chic of the lot was a model in soft, fruity purple satin—purple, let us say, with a dash of gray in it. The skirt was full, frankly full, shirred in at the waist, but it was of chiffon over a clinging foundation of satin, and it seemed to be invisibly weighted about the hem, so that it was dragged down into straight folds despite its fullness.

Over this skirt was a little coat of purple satin, a most amusing, likable little coat cut down in square décolletage in the front, buttoning with two buttons and terminating just at the top of a high shawl girde. This girde, tied oddly in a big Gelscha bow at the left side, under the arm, and wide, soft fringed ends fell down over the full chiffon skirt. In the back the coat ran down over the girde in two short, square, little coat tails, giving a straight line to the back of the model, while in front the trimly girde waist held a hint of the Louis modes. The long, close sleeves were finished with frills of fine lace, and a little of the same old lace filled in an inch or two of the square at décolletage.

Glove Sleeve Reappearing.

The glove sleeve which made its appearance last spring in reappearing on fall models, and is smart enough if well managed, though some of the experiments with this sleeve result in ungraceful bodices. The sleeve is

close-fitting, low over the hand and runs up to a point somewhere above the elbow, where it joins an upper sleeve section of a contrasting material. The upper part of the bodice is usually of this upper sleeve material and the lower part of the bodice is in the material of the lower sleeve. This arrangement is at its best when the upper sleeve and bodice contrast in material, but not in color, with the lower sections.

For example, a panna charmante and a bodice and sleeve tops of a pale chiffon over a chiffon or tulle of a pink tint, flesh and coral, which gave the semi-transparent prime chiffon a lovely bloom without making it contrast violently with the charmante.

A Thoughtful Calendar.

Monday—We take care of our health, we lay up money, but who provides wisely that he shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends?—Emerson.

Tuesday—There is no man that imparts his grief to his friend, but he imparts his griefs to his friend, but he grieves the less.—Bacon.

Wednesday—In the measure in which thou seekest to do thy duty shalt thou know what is in thee. But what is the duty? The demand of the present hour.—Goethe.

Thursday—He who is a happy disposition himself will be the first to promote the happiness of his neighbor.—Dr. Langhorne.

Friday—A pig may poke his nose into the trough and think of nothing outside it, but if you've got a man's heart and soul in you, you can't be easy a-making your own bed and leaving the rest to lie on the stones.—George Eliot.

Saturday—Sometimes that which is given with a kindly hand is more acceptable than that which is given with a full hand.—Old Proverb.

Sunday—How idle it is to call certain things God-sends, as if there were anything else in the world.—Hare.

An All-important Allowance.

The allowance of a school girl is an important thing. It is too much it gives her spendthrift habits and makes her the prey of sponging and under-

standing mates. If too small it causes embarrassment, often induced borrowing debt and cringing to girls who are willing to spend their allowances on friends.

Some schools limit the amount a girl may spend each week, others require deposits for pocket money. Much depends upon the school. Those in or near a city where the girls may go to shopping centers, good plays and occasional opera require larger allowances than country schools.

What every school girl realizes, but what many parents fail to understand, is that there are innumerable demands that it embarrasses a girl not to meet. In giving an allowance make it regular and a fixed sum. This teaches habits of economy and permits of hoarding for emergencies. It is better to permit your son or daughter to control her own money—however little—than to encourage her to run up bills or spend freely, knowing there is more to come at any time.

Sweet Williams.

Of all the varied blooms I know that in my garden smiling grow, And there are roses by the score, Fuschias and hollyhocks galore, Fuchsias, geraniums, mignonette, The daintiest flowers you ever met, Unmentioned go I must not let, Sweet Williams.

And in the house at eventide, When all is hushed and dark outside, Among the people gathered there Is granddad in the easy-chair, With snow-white locks, a gran old man, Who long has passed the usual span, And yet no smile is brighter than Sweet Williams.

Pepper Sandwiches.

Three green sweet peppers, three hard-boiled eggs, small cupful of mayonnaise, thin slices of buttered bread.

Run the peppers and the eggs through the meat chopper or chop them finely in a chopping bowl. Cover the chopped material with sufficient mayonnaise to give it the proper consistency for spreading. Trim the crusts from the buttered bread and put in a substantial layer of the mixture.

Corded Velvets add Silk Weaves

Corded velvets must be mentioned among the handsome materials, and all sorts of corded weaves in silk promise to be popular. Especially lovely are certain chambray silks of rayon weave (very fine cords) with a moiré finish. Such color schemes as are to be found in these new silks will reduce the artist's soul. The chambray two-tone colorings are beautiful, but the four tones of the chambray weaves afford broader scope for the designer and the watered moiré light and shadow shimmering over the surface adds an indefinable subtlety to the shifting colors. One piece of such silk when fanned out showed threads of green, brown, a bright copper or tangerine and a dull blue, but taken together these separate threads produced a surface altogether exquisite, with the mossy green dominating and the other hints, there was a marvelous thing, too, in blues and grays and violets, and a lovely petunia, dull blue, and rose scheme.

Delightful Demi-Season.

After the hurly burly of the August holiday, crowded with most delightful demi-season is enjoyed by the cottage colony and hotel guests, who are sure of glorious weather and a surf of the most enticing temperature. The gay throngs are essentially well dressed because they have both the money and leisure to linger at the seaside, and here we witness the first straws which indicate sartorial modes for autumn. There is just enough crispness in the air to warrant the wearing of the new tailored frocks and suits of cloth, and breath it low, combined with velvet, a fabric which, if removed, will quickly take its place among the heavier materials for autumn. The new velvet weaves are soft in texture and light in weight.

Orange Marmalade Sandwiches.

Orange marmalade, buttered white bread. Cut the bread into thin slices about three-eighths inch thick and spread orange marmalade on one. Put over another slice of bread and cover this with marmalade. Do this until you have four slices on top of one another.

The Flirtatious Southern Girl

The Southern girl, and especially the Virginia girl, is almost invariably a born flirt. So was her mother, her grandmother and her great-grandmother. So will she be until the end of creation.

Beginning in earliest babyhood, continuing through graceful girlhood, exulting in triumphant bellehood, in outwitting womanhood and old age, the Southern coquette leads unbroken her career of flirtation and disarms death by the smile with which she greets him.

A book was written some years ago by a Richmond authoress in which one of the most striking characters was a woman who in her youth had been lovely and greatly beloved and who had been the centre of unlimited devotion, the object on which unlimited wealth had been expended. The portrait of the woman in her radiant girlhood with little Loves worshipping at her feet or holding wreaths of flowers above her head, hung on the walls of her drawing room. A darling of the gods, she went on her way untouched by Time or Misfortune. When their turn came at last the woman still escaped them. Her memory and mind went, too, and to the end of the chapter she sat beneath her portrait, fragile and dainty, gowned in satin and lace, with every delicate whim and taste catered to by her children's self-earliness and after self-abnegation.

In the history of Southern States and cities occur here and there names of women as famous in their way as were Helen and Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots and Catherine of Russia—women whose charm was as forever unbroken.

It seems altogether natural then for the girl baby to assume little imperious airs, to insist that her hair be tied with pink ribbons and her mite of a waist be encircled with a pink sash, that her kid shoes and socks be adorned with care and nicety. For girl children are wise beyond their years in the matters of the toilet and along with liping speech awake's intuitive knowledge of values in matter of color and dress quite beyond belief.

If the embryo woman is thus precocious about certain lines in babyhood, it may be well assumed that she is an adept in maidenhood, wide open, innocent eyes, demure, downcast looks, frank, engaging smiles to the contrary. In the game of flirtation she can give access and spades and then come out easily a winner.

Many men, like the class who rush in where angels fear to tread, fall upon hard fate because they tempt it with her by rashness. For the genuine flirt is annoyed by any rude intrusion upon her privacy. With her coquetry is practiced as a fine art, and clumsiness or lack of perception and responsiveness are altogether certain to merit instant and sharp reprisal.

It is difficult to analyze the power exerted by a flirt, impossible to tell just what her fascination and her ability to control others lies. Some times in a pair of eyes and a divine smile, sometimes in a brilliant wit, oftentimes of all in a personality that answers to the need of a man's nature and supplies entertainment and comradeship, thus putting a man at his best in his own esteem.

It is curious to note that a woman who has the natural art of flirtation will always exercise it, irrespective of age or class. From the girl in the slums to the Queen on her throne, the attitude and the results are the same. Helen of Troy had entered upon the stage of what is known as "middle age" before she went from Troy back to the household of King Menelaus, in Greece, yet who thinks of Helen as anything but young and eternally fair? Cleopatra was far from young when Mark Antony flung a word away for her sake, yet Augustus Caesar only found safety from her wiles by flight and by refusing to see her. When Mary Queen of Scots was put to death she went to the block as if she were going to meet a bridegroom. It was not until afterward that her gray hair and her wrinkles betrayed to the curious the ravages of Time and her suffering.

So it has been through all the history of women who have held sway over the affections of men. Like the Virginian, who sat through years of investigation, smiling and satisfied, beneath the picture of her youth, they carry in their minds an amulet which bids defiance to all adverse influence and keeps them always upon their shining before which no leading man can peer.

Her Dear Little Nelly.

Seated at little tables in an old-fashioned coffeehouse were a number of honest working men, partaking of their humble dinner.

Presently there entered a poor, bedraggled woman, who was bitterly weeping, and who looked the picture of misery.

"My dear little Nelly," she sobbed, "she's just been run over and killed!" They were only hard working mill hands, but their hearts were touched, and soon the hat was being passed around to contribute for the benefit of the afflicted woman.

"And how old was she?" asked one of the sympathizers.

"Five years," came the answer, "and I'd had her ever since she was a kitten."

What She Really Wanted.

They looked like newly married folk, but evidently were not on their honeymoon. The woman laid down a newspaper she had been reading and said to her husband:

"Do you know, I wish I had one of those attics. Oh, I think it would be just as good to sit on a rock with somebody and have him rave about the incomparable golden color of my hair and tell me that my eyes were the most beautiful in the whole world, and—"

"Oh, huh?" said the husband, yawning.

"And that the delicate pink of my cheeks had been painted there by the angels, and that he couldn't live without me. O-oh, I think an attic like that would be—"

"That's an affinity you want," interrupted the husband. "What you seem to want is a plain, old-fashioned hen."

A Substantial Breakfast.

If economy must be studied, both the bachelor girl and the girl who possesses a home should make it a golden rule to have a substantial breakfast. Above all, the meal should be eaten slowly and never taken in bed if the consumer has to rise immediately afterward. For apart from the fact that directly on rising from sleep the digestive organs are not wide awake, as it were, sudden action after a meal spells disaster to the digestive system altogether.